

# HEART of GOLD

A St. Valentine's Day Story  
By HOWARD FIELDING.

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I PAUSED outside the door of Austen's studio and fixed a dollar bill so that a corner of it would stick out of my waistcoat pocket. There was no use asking him whether he needed money. He would always repel the insinuation, even when he hadn't had any luncheon and was fagged with hunger. Neither could he be caught by an open display of coin or bills, but if a bit of money was in sight and Austen didn't know that the owner thereof was aware of it he would betray his need by occasional glances full of gentle and pathetic longing.

Let me hasten to say that Austen was not a failure in the ordinary, old-fashioned way. He used to make a good living from illustrations, cover designs and the better kind of potboiling in general, but he had a serious illness, and while he lay unconscious some of his friends became overcautious and called in too much medical talent. In the present state of the world Austen might better have died, perhaps, than have contracted such a heavy debt. He paid it and hadn't a penny with which to begin work.

Conditions have changed in the last ten or fifteen years, and capital is essential to the artist. Life presses him so hard that he can't both work and live unless he has money in the bank or enjoys some form of special favor from those who have. Otherwise he will be like a swimmer in an undertow—the best that he can hope for is to keep his nose above water.

When I entered the studio, Austen was admiring the last fruit of his own toil. It was a little thing in oil, a girl looking at a shield which bore a device of a heart of gold and a scroll in which one could discover the date Feb. 14.

I took it to be a cover design for a February issue of a magazine or for some special purpose incident to St. Valentine's day, and I deplored the waste of time. It was then the tenth day of the shortest month, and this thing could not be used by anybody until next year.

"What do you think of it?" he asked. "It's a beauty," I replied. "You'll sell it—if you live."

"No, I won't," said he, with decision. "I didn't make it to sell."

"My mouth was open to reply that he shouldn't make anything for any other purpose when the picture itself checked me. A flash of memory illumined my understanding.

"Isn't that the girl—I saw her only once—the girl who?"

"Yes," said he, interrupting. "It is the girl who makes all other girls look like—like the crude and meaningless objects which I usually draw when I try to draw girls. But this is different, isn't it?"

"My boy, you are right," said I. "This is the only genuine, and all others are base imitations. What are you going to do with it?"

"I shall commit the gross absurdity of sending it to her as a valentine," said he. "Wish I could afford a frame, but I can't. The express charges will wind me up. In fact—His eye at that moment lighted upon the green bait protruding from my waistcoat pocket, and he gave a little gasp as a man sometimes will when his stomach is empty.

"However," he continued, "she won't be bound to go to the expense of framing it. She can ask the butler to set it in the back cellar just as it is and

quent than they used to be, but we are still imperfectly civilized, and there are parts of the golden wall which a poor man can see over. Austen was both susceptible and constant and likely to have trouble enough without adding a hopeless love.

I did not then know that Miss Copeland had any considerable sum of money in her own right or any expectations beyond the share in her father's estate which would eventually fall to her, which, unless I misjudged Mr. Copeland, would not be liberal if his daughter should marry a poor man, and might be nothing at all. The true state of the young lady's finances has since become known to me, and I am willing to admit that my conduct toward Austen was not calculated to subserve his best worldly interests.

In short, to drop the style of envious sarcasm which we who live in cities



"I'M GLAD YOU PUT ME ON TO THIS," HE SAID.

now adopt when we speak of the rich, I honestly thought that it would be a double error for Austen to send this remarkable valentine to Miss Copeland. In the first place, he couldn't afford to do so, for the picture was amazingly good, and with a slight suppression of the likeness, would certainly be salable some time. In the second place, it could not fail to evoke an answer from Miss Copeland and thus revive an acquaintance which could only result in pain and disappointment to my friend.

"Billy," said I, "you mustn't commit this folly. Here's the best thing you have ever done, and you ought to work it so that you can set yourself on your feet again."

"Yes?" said he. "How hard do you suppose the express company will sweat me to take this out to Morristown?" And again he eyed the corner of my dollar.

I argued the case with him, but I might as well have addressed my remarks to the jointed dummy of wood which he used as a model. The best I could do was to persuade him to hold the picture two or three days before sending it. He had intended to ship it right away, in fear lest the landlord might do something disagreeable in the way of padlocking the door or otherwise attempting to collect the rent by violence.

I lent Austen the dollar, and while he was holding it in his hand and contemplating it with a trance-like stare I deftly picked the inside breast pocket of his waistcoat, which he had fastened to the bookcase with a thumb tack. From this pocket I drew an envelope containing all that was left of Austen's pawnable possessions, and I succeeded in getting the ticket for a fine suit of clothes which he had bought just before his illness. Then, having restored the envelope with the remainder of its contents, I departed hastily.

After visiting the pawnbroker's and a little tailor's shop I called upon the art editor of one of our leading magazines, and, having justified my visit by some rather neat lying, I said to him:

"Who's buying Harry Austen's stuff now?"

"Didn't know anybody was," he replied.

"You want to wake up," said I.

"He has caught on."

"How do you mean?" said he.

"He's been doing some swell stuff," I replied, "and it isn't for sale. When I was in his studio this afternoon there was a man trying to induce him to sell a cover design—splendid thing it was, too—and Austen wouldn't let go."

"Did he say it was ordered?"

"No," said I. "He could sell it, but he won't. He's feeling pretty sure of himself these days. I shouldn't be surprised if your friends across the square were stocking up with some of his work."

"Tell him to come down here and see me," said the editor.

"He won't," said I. "He's got something else on his mind."

The editor drummed on his table and whistled softly. I was afraid to say a word more and instantly took my departure.

I went across the square to those "friends" of the editor's whom I had mentioned to him. There I found, of course, another magazine's art editor, and to him I told the same tale. Then I met a good fellow on the street who knew Austen, and I prevailed upon him to carry my story into two other publishing houses.

About lunchtime the next day I went to the building where Austen has his studio and nearly ran into my friend and art editor No. 1. They were going out to luncheon together on the A. E.'s treat, which he would subsequently work into an expensive bill. I dodged behind the elevator shaft and then followed cautiously. When I had trailed them to a restaurant, I ran over

to get art editor No. 2 and brought him to that same chophouse.

"By jingo!" I whispered as we came in. "That accounts for it."

He looked across to where Austen and art editor No. 1 were sitting, and then he drew a long breath.

"I'm glad you put me on to this," he said. "Austen must be right in it. This is the first time in a year that I've seen him with his trousers pressed." I blessed myself for my visit to the pawnbroker and the little tailor and also thanked Providence that I had put a two dollar bill into the pocket of the trousers. Otherwise Austen might have pawned the suit again when the tailor brought it around to the studio.

About 5 o'clock that afternoon I dropped in upon Austen. He was smoking a good cigar and sketching a design in charcoal on a canvas.

He shut his teeth hard upon the cigar and looked at me with half shut eyes.

"Well, blast your bloomin' top lights, they didn't get it!" said he.

"Who didn't get what?" said I.

"I've had three of 'em here today," he responded. "Went to lunch with Harrison. Yes, yes; you were there. I forgot. Well, after lunch we came back here, and Harrison made another play for my valentine. Actually offered me cash, and he tried to find out what I was going to do with it. Didn't recognize the portrait. Thought I'd got a new model, confound him. After he was gone Jarbeau appeared. I think he'd been waiting around outside."

Jarbeau was the art editor whom I had taken to luncheon.

"I had a similar circus with him, except that he was sure that my pic was for Harrison," he continued.

"Well—a—well! He offered cash too. If I hadn't just eaten a full meal the temptation would have killed me."

"Good clothes sustain a man, too," said I, and he grinned at me.

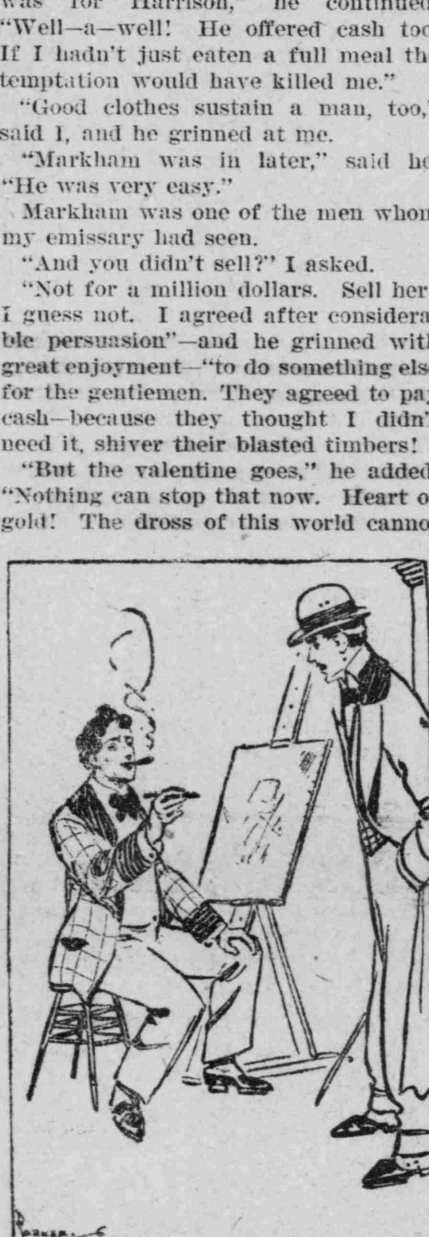
"Markham was in later," said he. "He was very easy."

Markham was one of the men whom my emissary had seen.

"And you didn't sell?" I asked.

"Not for a million dollars. Sell her? I guess not. I agreed after considerable persuasion"—and he grinned with great enjoyment—"to do something else for the gentlemen. They agreed to pay cash—because they thought I didn't need it, shiver their blasted timbers!"

"But the valentine goes," he added. "Nothing can stop that now. Heart of gold! The dross of this world cannot



"BLAST YOUR BLOOMIN' TOP LIGHTS, THEY DIDN'T GET IT!"

buy my poor tribute which I shall lay at her feet. And a little—just a wee little bit—of hope will go with it now."

There was a moment's pause. Then he softly repeated the word "dross," which he had uttered with a fine scorn, and at the same time he put both hands into the side pockets of the coat which I had redeemed, and when he pulled them out they were full of money.

However, lest I should seem to be taking credit to myself for the success of a man now widely praised and greatly envied, let me explain that my little coup was nothing to the one which Austen himself achieved. I shudder to think what he would have lost if he had sold the valentine as I had planned.

For the memory portrait of Miss Copeland made a tremendous hit in that young lady's exalted social sphere. It started Austen on a brilliant and remunerative career as a painter of portraits for those fortunate persons who can afford to lavish money on a good man's work, and it was thus that he gained a position which enabled him to win the hand of the lady without exposing her to the paternal malediction. In fact, the old gentleman behaved very nicely.

How Many Points on Our Stars?

Most of us, if asked how many points a star should have would say five and cite the flag as proof, but the director of the mint has corrected this misapprehension in answering an inquiry on the subject. He calls attention to the fact that the stars on the great seal of the United States and on the seal of the president are five pointed, but that the stars are six pointed on the seal of the house of representatives, and, further, to the six pointed stars on the obverse of the half and quarter dollar coins and the five pointed stars on the reverse. The reverse of these coins is a copy of the great seal with the clouds and stars omitted. So far as known, the six pointed star comes from copying the colonial coins made after the manner of English heraldry, which sanctions that star. The stars on the flag are copied from the Washington coat of arms.—Youth's Companion.

## CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

A Daring Young Adventurer With a Thrilling Career.

Captain John Smith of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, was the man to whom the success of the first English permanent settlement in North America was directly due. Though only twenty-six when the expedition sailed with him on board, he had already enjoyed such a succession of thrilling experiences as was the lot of few men even in the adventurous age of Elizabeth. At the age of sixteen he had entered on a military career in France and the Low Countries. In 1600 he sought service against the Turks, who were then at the height of their power and had only lately ceased to threaten Vienna itself. On the way to the east he was thrown overboard as a pirate, from whom his inexhaustible resourcefulness enabled him to escape after a time. He then entered the Austrian service and soon signalized himself by a series of brilliant exploits. One of these, the defeat of three Turkish champions in single fight, earned him his well known coat of arms, "three Turks' heads in a shield," from Sigismund Bathori, prince of Transylvania. Later he was taken prisoner by the Turks and owed his escape to the interest with which he inspired a Turkish lady. "Whatever might happen," as Gardiner says, "he was always able to turn it to account. In the worst dangers he knew what was the right thing to be done."—London Outlook.

## PRECOCIOUS JOHN DAVY.

Childhood Incident of the Author of "The Bay of Biscay."

An interesting anecdote of the youth of John Davy, who composed the famous song "The Bay of Biscay," shows how decided and precocious was this musician's aptitude for the art he ultimately practiced with artistic if not financial success. John Davy was born near Exeter in 1765. At the age of six he evinced a passion for music, which he sought every means of gratifying. He was in want of a musical instrument and determined to provide himself with one of however rough a nature. So from a neighboring smithy he purloined twenty to thirty horse-shoes. From these he selected as many as formed a complete octave and, having suspended them in an upper room, amused himself by imitating upon them the chimes of the neighboring church of Crediton.

By these and other means he obtained a knowledge of music which some thirty years later enabled him to produce many dramatic pieces and such songs as "Just Like Love," "The Death of the Smuggler," and "The Bay of Biscay," only the last of which has remained popular.

After twenty years' work in London Davy died in St. Martin's lane in 1824. He was buried in St. Martin's churchyard.—London Chronicle.

## Flowerpots.

All new flowerpots require to be soaked in water and allowed to dry thoroughly before being used. The soil does not hang well to the sides of garden pots unless so treated. Dirty pots are open to the same objection. Let any one try to put a plant with fresh soil into a pot which has been used before and left unwashed, and he will find in a few days, when the soil begins to dry, that it leaves a space and does not adhere as it should to the sides of it. No plant can possibly flourish under such circumstances. The roots of a plant draw to the sides of a pot naturally in search of moisture, and growth of course is checked if a current of air is allowed to pass between them and the sides. Some plants exhibit this tendency in such a remarkable degree that few roots are to be seen, except a network on the outside of the soil next the pot.

## Digestible Food.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing as regards its mere composition than half a pound of beef, but while the beef will be easily digested and thus be of vast service to us the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect to their chemical value.—London Hospital.

## Fish, Flesh, Herring.

"Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring" occurs in Dryden's epilogue to his Duke of Guise (182). The epilogue takes the form of a dialogue between the actress who spoke it and a trimmer and ends with this exclamation:

D—neuters, in their middle way of steering.  
They're neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

## A Matter of Necessity.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

## A Pretty Paradox.

"The charming debutante upsets all received maxims."

"How so?"

"By proving that a miss can also be a hit."—Baltimore American.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen fustian when he falls no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.—Sandi.

## If You Try

Father William's Indian Herb Tea, or Herb Tablets and do not find them the best medicines you ever used for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Kidneys, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilioousness, Malaria, Dizziness and Bad Breath, we will refund the money.

They work day and night and you get up in the morning feeling like new person.

Try them 20 cents, Tea or Tablets. For sale by W. T. Brooks.

## A FOOLISH PLAN



"It's a joy to eat—I welcome my dinner hours! Because I rout indigestion with August Flower!"

"Constipation is the result of indigestion, biliousness, flatulency, loss of appetite, self-poisoning, anemia, emaciation, uric acid, neuralgia, in various parts of the system, catarrhal inflammation of the intestinal canal and numerous other ailments that rob life of its pleasures if they do not finally rob you of life itself."

"I'm bound in the bowels," is a common expression of people who look miserable and are miserable—yet who persist in "letting nature take its course."

"What a foolish plan, when nature could be aided by the use of Green's August Flower, which is nature's own remedy for constipation and all stomach ills."

"August Flower gives new life to the liver and insures healthy stools."

"Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists."

G. S. VARDEN & SON, Paris, Ky

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Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pains. No remedy equals DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sold by Druggists and Dr. Mott's Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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T. F. BRANNON,

Messrs. JOS. MULLANEY and PHIL DEIGNAN, the popular bartenders, are in charge of the place, and invite their friends to call.

## IT'S WIEDEMANN.

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WIEDEMANN.

For Sale at All First-Class Saloons.  
Recommended as Best for Family Use.

LYONS' SALOON,

Wholesale Agent, Paris, Ky.



AUSTEN WAS ADMIRING THE LAST FRUIT OF HIS TOIL.

know that my feelings are safe, because I shall never find out what becomes of it."

"Isn't she in the city?"

"No," said he. "I guess the family will live in Morristown all winter unless they go abroad. I've been asked to go out, but I haven't any clothes, and the round trip costs \$120. The chances are, old man, that I shall never see her again, and so I thought I'd better paint this portrait from memory right now. I'm in danger of forgetting her," he added, with a mournful smile.

On the contrary, it had been my opinion that Austen was very greatly in danger of not forgetting her. She was, to all intents and purposes, an inhabitant of another planet, and it was extremely unfortunate that he had ever met her. These accidents are less fre-